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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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THE MUNICIPAL MENAGERIE.

MAKER, WERKEL & OTTMANN. LITHOG. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

RING-MASTER ARTHUR:—"We will now conclude this long and ridiculous exhibition by showing how easily the Tammany Tiger can swallow the Combination Mare."

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

"FIX BAYONETS".

WE always did think that we should one day put our foot in it. Our devoted friends, and they are numerous, have not infrequently intimated that we were going a little too far. Nay, they have warned us, begged us, prayed to us on bended knees, just to draw things just a little wee bit milder.

But the prayers have been systematically ignored, and their agonizing cries have passed by us as the idle wind which we regard not.

But Nemesis has overtaken us, and although not unexpected, we tremble.

PUCK is to be wiped out of existence. Mr. Keppler is to be torn in pieces by wild horses, and then trampled into condensed meat by newly captured elephants.

And why?

Because we have offended some members of the National Guard who, we understand, intend calling an indignation meeting to protest against the manner in which we caricatured their beloved and gallant Chaplain Beecher in our cartoon of last week.

This news has so utterly overwhelmed us that we scarcely know what to say.

It's no use denying it—we do plead guilty to caricaturing Mr. Beecher—and we very much fear we shall be compelled to repeat the offense. A regiment of the National Guard fortunate enough to secure a Chaplain who presents such admirable points for a good, strong picture, ought to make its arrangements accordingly.

We like our citizen soldiers. To join a military organization for the purpose of defending life and property is a truly laudable action. The exercise is healthful—besides, it sets a man up, and above all makes him very attractive in the eyes of susceptible young women—but the system, in this State, is by no means what it ought to be, and if this were not to be the last issue of PUCK, we might have something to say about the matter.

Should we rise Phoenix-like from our ashes—we mean after the Indignation meeting—we may, perhaps, manage to utter a few words of friendly advice and suggestion to the N. G. S. N. Y.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.
A FEW REMARKS.



This
Is
The monument
Was,
Poz!
To have been sent.

Sent by France,
To enhance
Kindest of relations:
Still we wait;
But less great
Are our expectations.

'Twas, you know,
Three years ago,
During our Centennial;
Three years flit—
No signs of it:
Still our hope's perennial.

Smiling bland,
She sent a Hand—
France enthusiastic.
But since then
No specimen
Of the art called plastic.

"If you'll raise,"
Says she, "a base
Fit for her erection,
You shall see
Your Liberty
In life-size perfection."

Then said we,
Politelee,
Bring along your statue.
Then we'll try
In liberalitie,
Mistress France, to
match you."

So it stands,
And The Hand's
Present occupation
Is, like palms
Stretched for alms,
One of Solicitation.

So
Know
Our cut's intent,
Big
Rig
Your monument!

Puckerings.

MOORE Centennial!

DOES a militia milish?

SUPPOSE we decorate Reform?

HE is now called the chicken-cooper.

DULCE et decorated est pro patria mori.

13 is an unlucky number—'specially in regiments.

THE 30th ought to be another G. A. R. field day in Congress.

TALMAGE says sinners should have a show. He gives them one.

THE Grand Army of the Republic will decorate, as usual, with a stick in theirn.

WE know one Cooper who ought to crawl into a bung-hole and draw the hole in after him.

THE high-proof epigram which General Grant got off recently, at home, has given its name to the new Colosseum Cocktail.

WE have got an energetic police-commissioner at last. McLean is going to commence clearing off the snow, right away.

THE fashionable underclothing this spring is so gloriously variegated and artistic that a young man feels as if he were walking round in a full fancy-dress ball.

THERE are two or three graves we want to decorate. Captain Alexander Williams, if it doesn't incommode you, we should like to begin with yours, and mighty sudden, too!

STATEN ISLAND murderers, when they have occasion to head up their wives in barrels, pass them off as ice-cream. This is not doing the square thing by the regular vanilla and strawberry article.

GRANT'S boom was only a joke—a gibe-boom, in fact. [We will get down on our knees, and eat dust, and put gravel on our heads; and we feel we owe it to our readers; but we had to do it.]

IT is a beautiful reflection that the original Arthur was a square man, although he headed the Round Table. The present bearer of the name is a very mean contributor to the Idylls of the 14th st. King.

PRIMROSES, straw hats and new papers are springing up thick as leaves in Tallapoosa. The latest news is that Rothschild has begun life again as a journalist, and is running a newspaper called the *Globe*, in Paris. That man wants to get down to lunching in dime restaurants and wearing an alpaca duster next winter.

SCENE: Fulton Ferry; Time: Night. Member of the 13th regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., weeps as he weary plods his homeward way.

"Why these tears, idle tears?" inquires sympathizing friendship, patting the veteran on the back.

"I am going home from the anti-PUCK indignation meeting," said the weeping warrior. And they left him to his great grief.

NOTICE.

Numbers 14, 42, 43 and 48 of PUCK will be bought at this office, 21 & 23 Warren Street, at 10 cents per copy.

DECORATION AND EXECRATION.

It is a peculiar trait of human nature to tell the gallant and the brave that it is very *dulce* and *decorum* to die for one's country.

The vociferousness with which the stay-at-homes in our late war stood on the sidewalks and shouted "hooray" to the boys in blue on their way to the front, was delightful to hear. The manner in which the home-guard urged the youthful and muscular patriot to save his country was touchingly pathetic; and the link between the rich man and his substitute drew them closer together than ever the brothers of Siam were bound by their link of flesh;—until the "sub" went to the front.

And these noble and patriotic sentiments were not quenched when the lurid fires of war smouldered and went out. O, no! If we couldn't pat our gallant brother on the back and tell him to go and be food for powder, we could remember him when he came home in a pineboard uniform, and could decorate his last resting place, annually, with some flowers, a brass band, and a drum corps. For *memento mori* is our motto; and it is good to see our names in the papers as Deputy 3d Asst. Marshal of the G. A. R. of Decorators. It helps a fellow when he wants to get into the Custom House, you know; and if the school-children collect flowers enough it doesn't cost a fellow anything. And it is not a mournful duty; the sad work of caring for the heroic dead is done during 364 days of the year, when their wives and mothers and children tenderly care for the graves of their dead, and keep the grass green above them by the tears with which they water them. No; Decoration Day is not to be accounted a day of sadness, but rather one of jubilee and "biz." What better day to keep alive the spirit of party? Now is the chance for the loud-mouthed orator to shout—"We saved the Union, and we'll run the Union machine! Remember Fort Sumter! No affiliation with the Southern r-r-rebels who are trying to do now by legislation what they failed to do by open warfare. Three cheers for our noble selves, and down with Dixie!"

All this fires the Northern patriotic heart, makes it vote against anything which might seem to encourage prosperity at the South; and especially it inflames the martial soul of the fledgeling soldier, as yet unbaptized in fire, who longs for another Gettysburg or Antietam in which to show his valor.

But if this be the picture as seen in the North, is the Southern view any the brighter to look at? There may not be so many brass-bands, and the drum-major of the drum-corps may not be so gorgeous or so plentiful in the land. But despite the submission to the fate of war, and the oaths of allegiance, on this one day of the year there breathes throughout the South a bitter memory of the sacrifices made in their lost cause, and a hatred to the foreign "enemy" who brought woe upon them. The decorations of the dead Southern soldiers are in flowers which seem to cover the knife and revolver for the heart of the North: lucky it is that they fade so quickly and that the emblems of hatred fade with them.

For, apart from the politicians, there really remains no spirit of sectional antagonism still dwelling in the hearts of the people of the North or South. Except on this one day—this day when the decoration of the dead cannot be done without execrating the opposing forces which slew them in war fare.

The G. A. R. make a very pretty display; and it is good for the florists, the German bands and livery-stable men. It would be good for all of us if the political spirit could be weeded out of it, and we could strew our flowers without calling up the bitter memories which should lie buried under a "Peace" declared years ago.

THE LOGIC OF THE UNEDUCATED.



"Ikey, vot you vas geshtooding, say?"

"Now, ole man, uf you only don't say geshtooding; aber stooding!"

"Vife, you hear mit dot! Dot poy tells somedings to his old fader. Uf I don't vas sent you bei dot school, and haf you dot Enklish getaught, how you know vot vos der way right to gespeak, eh? Alleweil?"

THE MUNICIPAL MENAGERIE.

THE politicians who have been digging trenches and skirmishing for the past few months have recently met in pitched battle and have been defeated. They have been defeated. We say it advisedly; for at present it doesn't seem that either side has conquered, while it is probably fair to assume that both sides have won more or less defeat.

Mr. John Kelly has wrecked dire vengeance on some of his anti-Tammany foes, it is true; but the hatchets of Uncle Sammy and Governor Robinson will probably soon nestle in his scalp.

Gen. Arthur has scored a few points in city offices, but his unholy alliance with Tammany has disgusted many of the better class of Republicans; anti-Tammany can stand upon the ground of its consistency; but when it gets tired of standing, it has nothing to fall back upon. The only party in the lot who seems to have been completely gobbled up is the Mayor; who may be set down in the returns from the seat of war as "the killed, wounded and missing"; for he is all three.

Nevertheless we expect he will mildly pop up his head again, somewhere. And if so, what shall we do with him? Doesn't somebody want a Mayor; "warranted gentle, and will go in any harness that anybody puts on him?—Apply to the citizens of New York, without distinction of party."

Yes, the politicians have had their fight and appear much excited over it; but the City goes on still in its old happy-go-lucky fashion. We have had, now some weeks past, a brand new Police Commissioner, but the streets are still as dirty and the citizens are brutally clubbed as ever. And, now that we have another new Commissioner, will the streets be two times as dirty, and the Police club twice as ready to fall on our unoffending heads?

Yes, the politicians fight, but they fight for themselves, for the offices, and the wine and nuts and fruits which are the dessert thereof. But of the people—what thought have the politicians for them?

Was it not Washington who hanged a few commissaries in order that the Army might be well fed? Perhaps if we erected a gallows in the City Hall Park and strung up a few city officials we might be better governed thereafter.

But it must, O, it *must* have been a delicious sight to see Ring Master Arthur prod the rump of the municipal mare; and offer her, him, or it up to the hungry maw of the Tammany Tiger of our metropolitan menagerie.

INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANITY.

IT has for centuries been the boast of the Roman Catholic church that while Protestant churches are open on Sundays only, the Roman churches are ever open to the faithful, and that the waters of salvation flow freely to all, "without money and without price." To be sure we all of us knew all about "Peter's Pence;" we were familiar with the latest quotations of the "indulgence" market; and the continual dunning for "money, money, money," which issued every Sunday from the pulpit was an open secret.

More recently PUCK has seen fit to call public attention to the tariff of prices under which good Catholics can get in to hear mass and have their souls saved. This seemed to us inconsistent as being conflicting with the scriptural injunction to "increase and multiply": for an Irishman (who is the best of Catholics) might easily "increase" to a dozen or more; but, in the present stagnation of the labor market, how could he pay \$3.50 every Sunday for mass for himself, wife and "childher"?—and if he didn't pay for their masses, wouldn't their souls be lost? So he must either cease "increasing" or stop going to mass.

Which would confound him.

But a more specific and glaring inconsistency has recently reared its head. It may be found in the list of prices of admission to the dedication of St. Patrick's cathedral, on Fifth Avenue. Herein is to be seen the aristocracy of a religion which can't be run in this country without a "Prince" Cardinal at its head; who wears regal robes and sitteth himself on a "throne"; to whom every knee doth reverence, and to see whom in full state costs a five-dollar note, or three dollars and fifty cents more than it does to see Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., with all of his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Now, if we consider this affair as a show, it is all right, provided it draws well, and Mr. McCloskey doesn't neglect to pay salaries, and doesn't play any Purcell on the public. But if we regard it as religion, it is shady.

We have read about the rich man and the Kingdom of Heaven; about the Water of Life which could be had "without money and without price"; about the Founder of Christianity whose chosen friends were the poor; and we remember to have read about his indignantly driving the money-changers from the temple.

Now, if Mr. McCloskey is right to admit the rich man to his temple because the rich man has many shekels, while the sexton drives the poor away from the marble door-steps, then the Gospel, according to SS. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, is wrong. But if the Gospel, as taught by Messrs. M., M., L. & Co. is right, then Mr. McCloskey is entirely in the wrong; is making a snob of himself by his toadying to the rich, and is a disgrace to the red cloth he wears.

We think there is no sensible man or woman, Catholic or Protestant, in the whole country who would not have respected the Cardinal and his religion far more if he had said, "Come, ye faithful! Your beautiful Cathedral is open. Come and dedicate it—not with your dollars, but with your devotion!"

NOTE TO THE ABOVE: Our acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Vicar General Quinn for a polite invitation extended to the staff of PUCK to "assist" at the dedication of the new Cathedral. And while our opinions and principles are very decidedly at variance with those represented by the Reverend gentleman, we feel bound to compliment him on a spirit of courtesy and fairness towards his doctrinal opponents, which does far more to elevate his religion in our eyes than even his noble Cathedral, or the imposing ceremonies with which he has dedicated it.

THE DIFFERENCE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID.

I.
BROKE—dead. A sorrowful fact. Not a cent.
 Two bowers and the ace were too many for me.
 Serves me right for a fool; I should be content.
 But I'm not, all the same. Hanged if I see
 What's next to be done. Watch and chain up the spout,
 And board bill o'erdue for three months and more—
 Yes, *have* been an ass, without the least doubt.
 When I'm flush again, I'll pay up the score,
 Settle right down to biz, turn a new leaf,
 Quit pasteboards and billiards, send Flo' to the deuce.
 I expect her heart won't quite break with the grief;
 For a fellow dead-broke *she's* got no use.
 I'll have to write home—the old lady again;
 No help for it now, yet a thing that I hate.
 But it's got to be done, though, against the grain—
 A hundred, I guess, will about set me straight.

II.
FLUSH—you bet. The old lady's a brick.
 Came down with the stamps—ten X's, brand new.
 Now I've got it, by Jove, to my word I will stick.
 Things out of hock is the first thing to do.
 Whew! but it makes quite a hole in the pile!
 Clean me out again, keeping on at this pace.
 Hash bill, I guess, must stand for a while;
 I must pay those gloves I lost on the race;
 Fred's brag, too, on billiards—I'll show him a point;
 Will make him sick he took up the cue.
 Resolutions, I fear, get somewhat out of joint—
 Deuce take it, what is a fellow to do?
 He can't be an oyster all at once, anyhow;
 Though I *was* out of luck, it can't always rain.
 The old lady don't tumble; wants to know now
 How my studies progress—and to write soon again.
 Well, not another mail shall escape her;
 I'll do it at once—only right, you know.
 —Waiter, bring me pen, ink and paper!—
 When I've mailed it, I guess I'll stroll round and see
 Flo'.

HUBERT H. DUVAR.

BALBULA ON MODERN INFIDELITY.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE GODS.—VIEWS OF
AN EMINENT PRIEST OF APOLLO.

PERSONS—JOHN HALL BALBULA, a priest of Apollo;
 LUCRETIVS GRAPHICUS, a reporter. SCENE—The
 vestibule of the Temple of Apollo at Rome. TIME—
 A. D. 279.

LUCRETIVS.—Good morning, Balbula, how
 do you find yourself?

BALBULA.—Exceeding well, praised be Apollo,
 and you? Are you come to worship at the
 shrine of the God of Day? What offering do
 you bring?

LUCRETIVS.—To-day I come not to pray, but
 to converse. I should like to know how you
 regard the situation? What of the progress of
 this new sect of Christians? Tell me, unless
 you wish to conceal them, your real thoughts
 upon so vital a subject.

BALBULA.—I have no respect for them what-
 ever. In vain do they attempt to compete
 with the divine claims of Apollo. *He* is the
 sun of suns, at whose coming let the earth re-
 joice! Shallow pretenders, where are their
 proofs, where their oracles, their answered sac-
 rifices and prayers? They tell the story of a
 Jew and a Cock and a Bull.

LUCRETIVS.—And what do you think of the
 philosophers, of my namesake Lucretius and
 the naturalists?

BALBULA.—Hollow lecturers, popularizers of
 facts, wordy rostrum-riders, these we have al-
 ways to contend against, and, through the pro-

tection of Almighty Jove, we must always tri-
 umph over them, since the mass of the people
 are on the side of the Great Gods. Besides,
 these naturalists are not Christians, they are
Atheists.

LUCRETIVS.—I know that well, but do they
 not now more deeply strike at high Olympus?

BALBULA.—In doing so they transcend their
 sphere. Sooner or later they must stop. They
 only discover facts. When these are all dis-
 covered, they find immortal Jupiter and the
 supernal gods and goddesses of the holy moun-
 ain. These are the great First Causes. The
 soul of man, which at death flies twittering
 below the earth, cannot be touched by fact or
 philosophy. And we, the oracles of the High-
 est, proclaim these things unto the people.

LUCRETIVS.—The doctrine of inspiration is
 not, then, touched by the discoveries of science?

BALBULA.—Not in the least. Suppose the
 scientists claim that we have been mistaken.
 They have merely mistaken the meaning of the
 oracle! Apollo himself *cannot* be mistaken.
 He is Truth itself. Just as if you should go
 away and misrepresent me in your account of
 this interview.

LUCRETIVS.—In the rise of this new belief
 is there not room for holding that religions
 have a succession, and that one succeeds and
 develops out of the other?

BALBULA.—All such discoveries and conclu-
 sions only fix more firmly the sole authenticity
 of our own Deities. In reality it is Jupiter and
 Apollo whom these Christians worship. They
 have misnamed their Gods, that is all. But
 their scheme is vain. They know not Apollo
 nor Diana, and are foolish blasphemers against
 the Most High. But there is no such progress
 in religion. What there really is is the mani-
 festation of our Great Father, Almighty Jove,
 throughout the ages. He has revealed himself
 from the beginning, but He has not been com-
 prehended by the people, the creatures of His
 Hands.

LUCRETIVS.—Do you feel hopeful, O Balbula,
 for the future of our divine religion?

BALBULA.—Most certainly I do. Our legions
 are spreading it, and the savage hordes of Bri-
 tain and Germany will bow to Apollo and the
 Great Gods. Our religion is stronger to-day
 than it ever was.

LUCRETIVS.—You think, then, our divine re-
 ligion will subdue all to itself. Will it be the
 triumph of any one oracle or god or of the
 Pantheon in general?

BALBULA.—In general, I think. At the same
 time, frankly, I think Apollo will come out
 ahead. Otherwise, I would open a temple to
 some other deity at once. In these days many
 persons drift away from religion; they have
 lost the power of distinguishing inspiration.

LUCRETIVS.—You would then commend re-
 ligion and worship as the great specific for
 scepticism and unbelief?

BALBULA.—Yes. To the sceptic I say, Be
 religious! To the unbeliever I say, Pray! To
 both, Consult the oracle of Apollo and bring
 me suitable offerings!

At this moment the gong in the temple
 sounded. With an expression of friendliness,
 Balbula closed the interview by saying that his
 Master needed him; and the reporter left.

“PROFESSOR SWING is reported to perform
 some of his pastoral visiting duties with the
 aid of a telephone connecting his house with
 those of some of his parishioners.” Ever since
 Chaplain Beecher read this item in a Chicago
 paper, he has been shuffling about with a scared,
 dazed, utterly woe-begone expression on his
 voluptuous countenance, fearing lest some offi-
 cious members of his church may get hold of
 the idea and insist upon his immediately
 adopting it.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XC.

CONFESSION.



Ya-as aw, had
 some fellows to dine
 with me at the Bwe-
 voort, as a mattah
 of course, in a pwi-
 vate woom.

Jack Carnegie
 pwesided, and there
 were about seven or
 eight of us alto-
 gethah.

There was a fellow named Carwoll, some we-
 lation to a Governor or othah Amerwican offi-
 cial swell, who is supposed to be of consider-
 wable influence in a State, I believe, called
 Marwyland.

The name of anothah individual was Van
 Wansellah. Jack said he was a Kickerbockah
 —whatevah extwaordinary species of wace that
 may be. Aw I believe they were the orwiginal
 aw aborwignes of New York terwitorwy—al-
 though I have nevah taken sufficient interwest
 in the subject to investigate it pwobably.

The wemaindah of the party consisted of a
 few of the most pwesentable individuals who
 fwequent the clubs—mostly very wich, and,
 I'm sorwy to say, purse-pwoud.

The pwocceedings passed off wemarkably well,
 because Jack and I weally twied to make our-
 selves agweeable to the fellows arround the
 table.

It was the corwect thing to do, especially as
 the Pwince of Wales, in honah of Parwole's
 winning severwul waces, has invited to bweak-
 fast or dinnah—forget which—the son of a fel-
 law in the Amerwican gweenback and pwecious
 metal business—Perwy Belmont—who's en-
 deaworwing to swell it abwoad, and Bobbins,
 or Wobbins, a verwy horsey Amerwican, who's
 acting as Tobacconist Lorwillard's pwincipal
 gwoom to his stable in Gweat Bwitamin.

Doosid satisfactorwy to find that some peo-
 ple in this countwy go the wight way to work
 about some things.

Don't know that it's necessarwy to descwibe
 the details of the dinnah—in fact I d-d-don't
 wemembah them. The cooking, of course,
 was quite good, and Jack looked aftah the
 wines—he always does—and he facetiously ob-
 served that the affai-ah was a feast of weason
 and a flow of soul.

I dwank aw a considerwable numbah of
 glasses of wine, and, I believe, severwul supple-
 mentarwy ones, sticking chiefly to sherwy and
Gwaves. I talked on varwious subjects, and aw
 felt awfully jolly. Twust I didn't carwy on
 conversation at wandom, but I am afwaid I we-
 lated my experwiences in a maw than usually
 vigorwous mannah. Not nice, ye know.

Aw I suddenly wecollected that I'd pwom-
 ised to pay Miss Marguerwite a visit. I wose
 abwuptly and wended my way towards her we-
 sidence as wapidly as possible.

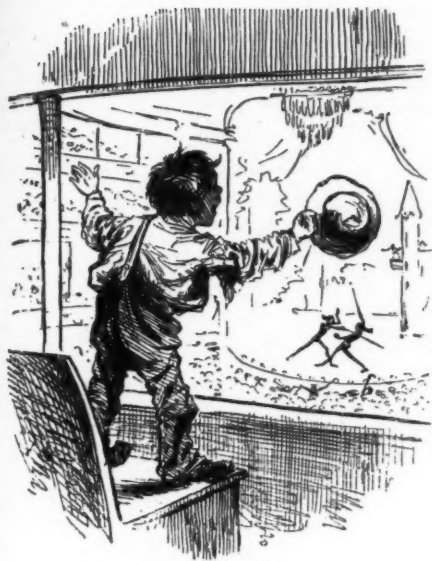
I entered the dwawing-woom, nearly tum-
 bling ovah her cub of a bwothah, who gwinned
 most widiculously. Miss Marguerwite seemed
 very much surprwised to see me and didn't look
 agweeable at all.

“Miss Marguerwite,” I said, “hope you'll
 'shcush me. Some frensh aw—”

I have a distinct wecollection of hearwng a
 bell wing and a stweet-door slam, and being
 dwiven mysterwiously to my wooms at the Bwe-
 voort, and all night having Miss Marguerwite's
 cub of a bwothah haunting me in my twoubled
 dwreams.

Didn't bweakfast until verwy late, and then
 only on sodah with a twifling dash of bwandy
 aw.

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dramatically inclined.

EHEU! FUGACES!

AFTER CALVERLEY.

HE stood beside the waters' edge
Upon a jutting rocky ledge,
The wild winds whistled through the sedge,
And o'er the sky
The murky clouds were driven fast;
A fitting scene to be the last
For one, o'erweighted by the Past,
Who wished to die!

The daylight waned unmarked by her,
Strange things began to move and stir,
And from the clumps of beach and fir
Strange noises came;
Then rose the moon, and wild and weird
The forms of many a tree appeared,
That round about the waters reared
Its branching frame.

But nought of fear was in her eye,
It's gaze was fixed in vacancy,
And from her broke no frenzied cry
Nor any moan,
But, as an owl screamed, near at hand,
Without one look upon the land,
There was a leap—a plunge, and—and
That frog was gone!

ARTHUR HOSTAGE.

FEMININE LITERATURE.

A NUMBER of years ago Mr. Prentice Mulford had a paper in the *Atlantic* headed, "Shall Women Learn the Alphabet?"

It was a very thoughtful and interesting paper, and was much enjoyed by the six old ladies who read the magazine of culchah and things.

We mention this almost forgotten "woman's rights" tract, not to taunt a usually sound thinker and clever writer with his one unfortunate little vagary; but because we want to put in a solid affirmative answer to the question therein propounded.

We believe we are the first people who have ever had the courage to say it, and say it boldly: women ought not to learn the alphabet.

Once said, however, we believe this utterance will receive the ready support of every man who has ever carried on a long or lively correspondence with a woman.

The average man is very likely to make a fool of himself when he writes a letter. That is a well understood fact. But there be fools and fools. Men, under the baleful influence of pen and ink, appear as a quite harmless and unobjectionable variety of fool. A man writes himself down an ass; but he involves no other person in his asininity.

But you put a pen in a woman's hand and she becomes a lunatic terror to humanity. One healthy, active, enthusiastic young woman, in the sweet spring-tide of her youth, filled with vague longings and ineffable desires, is perfectly capable of pouring out of her little inkstand a deluge of epistolary misery that shall compromise, scandalize and utterly overwhelm a regiment of men.

Did you ever analyze a woman's letter? Not the syntax—that defies analysis; but the general idea of the composition.

The two chief characteristics of the feminine epistle are vehemence and superfluity.

No woman ever writes a letter unless it is absolutely unnecessary. And then she writes it with a thunderbolt dipped in lightning.

The last statement is to a certain extent figurative; but it is quite free from hyperbole or exaggeration.

We confess that it looks, to use a poetess's word, "colorful." But the reader of experience will see in it only a sober and solemn truth.

Isn't it true? Suppose a woman wishes to tell you, through the U. S. Mail, that she loves you. Just suppose it, for the fun of the thing. Isn't she sure to write you that she adores you—that she madly worships you—that she cannot live without the sunshine of what she calls your smile and what your friends would call your grin?

And suppose you assume all this to be true; and act on the assumption? You will leave assumptions alone for the rest of your life.

And can you deny that the same is not true when Love does not agitate the dainty chirography? A letter from a woman who desires to convey to a man a gentle rebuke or a tender remonstrance is usually couched in a strain calculated to make the recipient feel like a horse-thief whose hands are red with sacrilegious murder.

Why does this strange fatality hover over the female correspondent? Why is it that a woman who is everything that is quiet and discreet and sensible in her actions and her talk becomes a tactless maniac the moment she gets a pen in her hand?

Why is it that a wife who has managed her husband with infinite diplomatic delicacy for many and many a happy year can turn a loving separation of a few weeks into a divorce-suit by the agency of half-a-dozen letters written out of the fulness of her affectionate heart?

Why is it that the charming girl whose piazza performances last summer were the quintessence of paradisiac perfection becomes a nuisance when she spreads out upon post paper the love which she hinted in sweet rare blushes, or low delicious murmurs of yielding shyness, audible only to your sympathetic tympanum, strained in the slumberous stillness of soft moonlight nights?

Is it because a woman always writes without the slightest consideration of the effect of her writing on the person addressed?

Or is it not because letters, like logic, are hazardous playthings for the fairy fingers of femininity. Because there emanates from the ink-bottle a subtle influence dangerous to woman? Because the female mind can entertain no conception of that simple instrument, the pen, other than as a poniard or a goad?

We will insert, with pleasure, any communications from such of our female friends as may feel an interest in this subject; but our mind is made up. Women ought not to learn the alphabet.

LOVE.

A REPORTER of the Boston *Herald* has been interviewing Jeff. Davis. Aside from some very poetical references to the hot scenery, it isn't much of an interview, but it contains one screamingly funny paragraph, one charmingly suggestive little *morceau* which ought to go the rounds of all the humorous columns in the country, and we herewith set it a-going.

"Mr. Davis remarked that it was impossible for a man who had been reared apart from the negro to have that same affection for him as is felt by Southern men, who have in childhood been nursed by negroes, been the playmates of negroes, and grown up with them."

THE freshly-foliaged trees are nodding to the perfume-laden zephyrs, the chickens are feeding on the tender new blades of grass, the lazy mud-turtles are basking in the mellow sunshine, the merry birds are dodging the amateur sportsmen, and Jeems pulls the quid of tobacco from his mouth and holds it in his hand, while Amanda sits beside him and lovingly plies him with chocolate cream drops, which her thoughtful city cousins have sent her, as a sort of advance agent, to advertise their speedy coming.

A NOTABLE ARRIVAL.

WE welcome to New York a very great man. It is Prof. Fanning of Toronto. This gentleman must not be confounded with Professor Goldwin Smith, who is a professor of history.

Mr. Fanning is a professor of dancing.

Professor Fanning leaves the Elysian fields of Canada for the stony pavement of New York, for the purpose of instructing our graceless females in the art of making an orthodox curtsy to Mrs. Princess Lorne when she visits this city.

We, in our blissful ignorance, always thought that the average American girl was possessed of this indispensable accomplishment; but it appears she is not, and Professor Fanning has just turned up in time to teach her.

Now, young women, get all your low-necked dresses in order for August next, when Mr. and Mrs. Lorne are to put in an appearance, and lose no time in securing the invaluable services of Professor Fanning, late of Toronto.

BROOKLYN FEMALE PIETY.

THE Brooklyn Common Council has received a protest from a committee of ladies against the building of a new theatre on the site of the one burned Dec. 5th, 1876.

The dear creatures refer to the disastrous event in the following terms:

The fearful scenes enacted but a short time ago upon the occasion of the terrible fire are yet fresh in the minds of our people, and will never be forgotten while the tears of the bereaved are still falling for the lost ones. To erect another theatre, then, upon this cursed ground would, in the minds of all Christians, be an insult and an act calling for the invocation of the Almighty. In behalf, therefore, of the good people of Brooklyn, we would call upon your honorable body to at least consider the propriety of purchasing outright this unfortunate ground, inclosing it with a proper iron fence, and erecting upon it some suitable monument to mark the location of a holocaust which palsied the whole world. In doing this we feel sure that your honorable body will conform to the desires of the thinking people in our city, and perhaps be the means of preventing a repetition of another and still greater calamity in the future.

Now PUCK is an ardent and consistent admirer of the fair sex. He can stand a great deal from them, and is always ready to make every allowance for their sweet little illogical methods in dealing with things generally; but—and it pains him to say so—he can't stand this circular.

The burning of the Brooklyn theatre was certainly a very dreadful business, and we have the greatest sympathy for the bereaved relatives of the victims—but surely nobody short of a lunatic supposes that it was a visitation of the wrath of a Divine Providence.

The igneous principle of Nature, assisted by favorable elements, was to blame for the occurrence; and if Nature is to be punished every time she obeys her unchangeable laws, the penalties inflicted on her would be perpetual.

These Brooklyn women enthusiasts would doubtless like to see every sea-going ship broken up, on the ground that vessels are occasionally wrecked and many lives lost. Perhaps it would please them to have the scenes of the numerous marine disasters—say for the last five hundred years—fenced in, although this would not be quite so easy a matter as enclosing the Brooklyn ground.

Nay, angelic creatures, your enthusiasm is extremely sweet; but your logic is quite too awfully queer; and right through your pretty and pious phrases we can see the profane hands of the owners of those lots, who know quite well that nobody means to rebuild the Brooklyn Theatre, and who would give their tuppenny-hapenny souls to have the city buy up their useless property, if they had to induce every woman in Long Island to make a dear little donkey of herself in carrying out their scheme.

A POET—AND NO MISTAKE.

THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE EXPLAINED
BY AN EXPERT.

I HAVE a friend who is a Poet—at least he says so; and I never heard any one contradict him. Besides he can offer in proof of his assertion various copies of various magazines, in each of which are various verses with his name attached to them; and he has from time to time shown me checks drawn by the aforesaid magazines in his favor in payment of the aforesaid poems. This evidence may well seem conclusive. To be paid for poetry—what better proof could there be of his poetic power? But—I regret that a But is necessary, and it must be a big but—But when you come to consider the verses themselves, you will find them full of beautiful words and pretty little phrases, and altogether a nice derangement of epitaphs, all as polished and as smooth and as shiny as an ivory billiard-ball—and the meaning is about as hard to grasp as the ball would be if your fingers were oiled. In fact, although the diction is lovely, there are few or no ideas concealed beneath it: and whenever my friend does find an idea, he has to be mighty economical with it, for he never can tell when he may get another. In one number of the *Pacific* magazine I saw a sonnet of his on the long-necked swan, which ended by called the bird

....“the fair, tall giraffe of the lake!”

And when I read the next number of the *Arctic* magazine, I saw that he had turned the idea inside out, for there was a sonnet to the giraffe in the final words of which the beast was called

....“the tall and tawny swan of the desert.”

Not long after I had detected this evidence of his poetic drift, I had a good long talk with him and he kindly gave me the full particulars of a new discovery of his which he thought would greatly simplify the poet's labors. “In fact,” he said, “the bard need no longer bother himself with his subject; all he need consider is the form. Great poets rarely invent their myths. It is manner people want nowadays, not matter,—the old eternal thoughts decked out in the latest literary fashion.”

I besought him to explain his theory more in detail and to give me, if possible, a few practical illustrations.

“Certainly,” he replied, “and with great pleasure. You see, I think people like the fixed form of the sonnet, but, unfortunately, I have just about run the sonnet to death. I have written in my poetic career, which began ten years ago, when I was a freshman, something like three or four hundred sonnets. I thought it was pretty nigh time to let up on the sonnet.”—My friend's colloquial diction, it may be remarked, was not in any way poetic. “So I was just tickled to death when that Englishman, Austin Dobson, you know, imported those French forms, triolet and rondeau and *ballade*. I just went in for them. hot and heavy. I looked up the history of the thing and I found a fellow named Benserade in the time of Louis the Fourteenth in France, you know, had translated all of Ovid into rondeaux.

All his book was rondeau—even the dedication and the list of errata, both were rondeaux. Now that struck me as a big thing. And so I just borrowed the idea. The rondeau, too, pleased me; I suppose the *ballade* is really the best of these French forms, but it's pretty hard. Both the rondeau and the triolet are a little easier; so I began with them. The taste of the times don't run to classics. German is fashionable now, so is French: so I tried my hand turning a bit of German into a triolet. Here it is:—

FROM HEINE.

“Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten.”

(Triolet.)

I cannot tell why I am sad,
Or why this strange feeling comes o'er me.
A presentiment weird I have had,
But I cannot tell why I am sad.
A legend I learnt when a lad,
A tale of old time floats before me.
But I cannot tell why I am sad,
Or why this strange feeling comes o'er me.

I had some trouble in getting just the right French to turn into a rondeau, but at last I fell back on the bit of French prose best known to all beginners in the language: everybody will recognize it:—

FROM FENELON.

Calypso ne pouvait se consoler.

(Rondeau.)

Calypso found that she could not
Console herself, since Ulysses' hot
And hasty flight, her love denying.
The goddess, without hope of dying,
Bewailed her sad, immortal lot.

Neglected while she grieved, her grot
Its echo to her voice forgot:

No more her nymphs to serve her vying
Calypso found.
Alone she paced her isle: no blot
Of winter marred its grassy plot—
But beauty gave no surcease of sighing,
For lo!—with sorrow yet more trying—
Ulysses still in every spot
Calypso found!

After I had duly complimented him on this ingenious invention, whereby all search for ideas was rendered unnecessary, at which he seemed greatly pleased, he volunteered to give me a further instance of the many great advantages of his discovery.

“Albums now,” he said, “albums are fashionable. The young ladies of the day are always getting a poet like me off in a corner, you know, and making him write poetry for them. Only the other day a very pretty girl insisted on my writing an acrostic for her. I pretended to be very angry with her for annoying me to write verse—and then I fell back on my new system: “I wrote an acrostic on “acrostic,” making also therein two puns on acrostics. I kept a copy for future use. You can see it is a rather neat little thing.

AN ACROSTIC.

Acrostics you from me requested,
Careless then I in vain protested,
Resolved to have what chance suggested.
On sober thought the thing you ask
Shan't ever give me cause for swearing!
'Twere well if you, across Styx faring,
Ignored how rhymes on me were wearing—
Cross as two sticks I end my task.

As he finished reading this he turned to me with an evident air of enjoyment in his own intellectual attainments.

“I tell you what,” he said, “this idea is a big thing! I guess it will work a revolution in the whole poetic business!”

ARTHUR PENN.

Will nothing kill Boucicault? Manager Sargent is actually making money out of him—and at the Grand Opera House, too! We thought “Clarissa Harlowe” had about settled the gentleman from Limerick; but, like the flea of his native land, when you put your finger on him he isn't there. He is no sooner sat upon as a dramatist than he revived his old success as an actor. When the diabolically lucky Sargent gets through coining him into cash, he will probably waltz airily into notoriety with a new five-act comedy, warranted to discount Shakspeare at his Shaksperest.

FIRE-MEN AND FIRE-WATER.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following communication:

NEW YORK May 9th 79

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I have been taking your Valuable Paper going on two years you have been giving them all A Shot, but you have Neglected to give Our Fire Department its Share of your good Work, it Consists of A number of very good men & Some darn Scoundrels & beats, they make it A Practice of getting Drinks on trust Promise to Pay on the first of the month but do not Show up it is often the Case and Necessity to Snd the Bill into the Commissioners for Collection they get a very fine Salary and are able to Pay in one of your numbers you have A fireman falling from A Ladder Very true they Run A great many Risks for the Small amount of One Hundred A month Dos not the Painter ore the Brick layer and many Others Run the Same Risk for 8 ore 10 dolls A Week take the Uniform off Half of them & they Would not be able at Present to Earn \$12 a Week

Respt Yours

X. X. X.

X. X. X., this paper is not published and edited solely for the purpose of bringing your delinquent customers up to the mark. If you will hang up injudiciously, keep your griefs locked in your own bosom, and don't ask us to sympathize with you. You should be more reserved with your nasty drinks. You know perfectly well that you have no earthly business to sell liquor to members of the Fire Department. You deserve to lose every cent you attempt to make in that way.

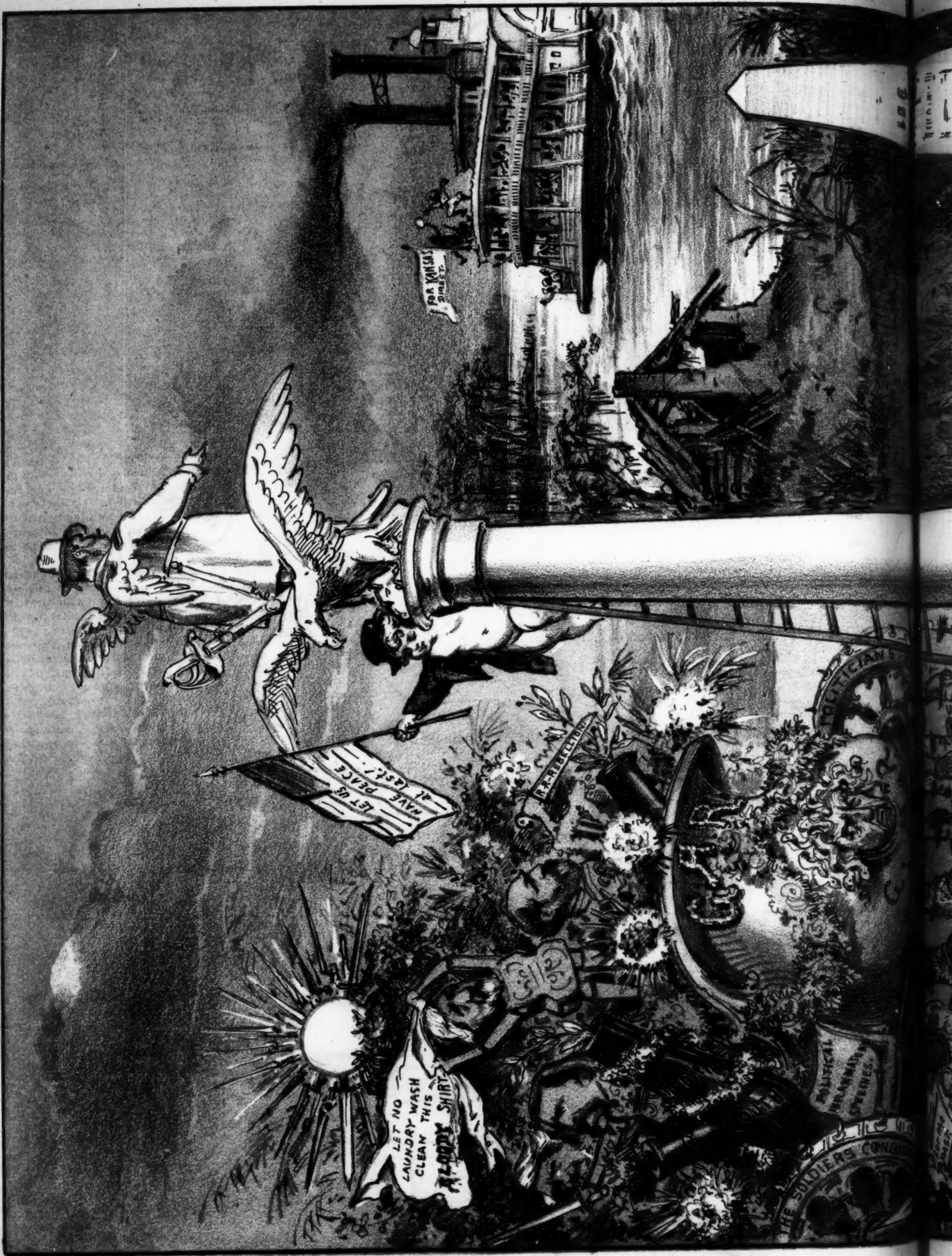
And now, look you here! you have got us warmed up; just listen. We propose to do a bit of Horace Greeley, and we wish we had all the vocabulary of the late-lamented, to do justice to the occasion.

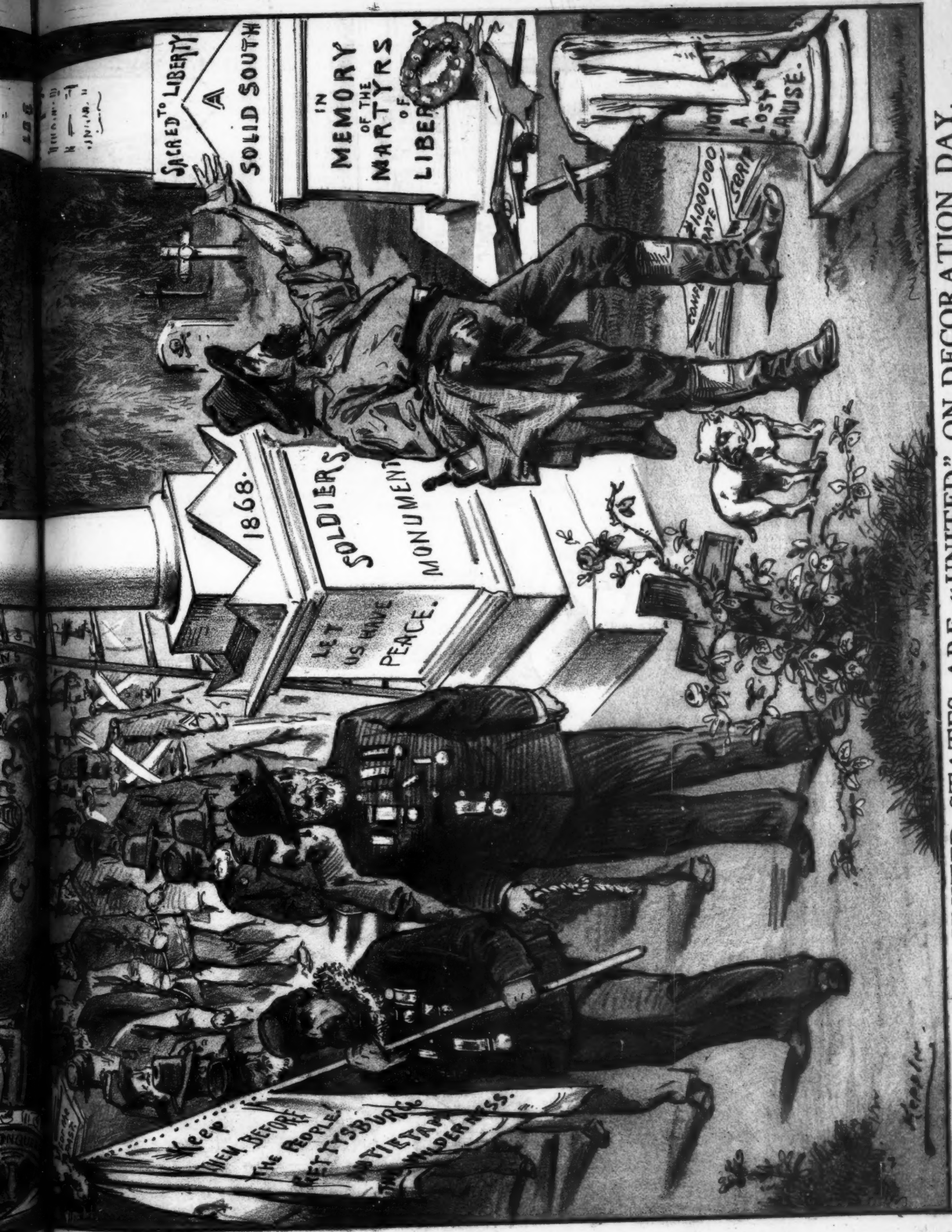
You write us a letter to which you have not signed your own name: therefore you are a coward. You tell us that you have got tricked in doing what you know you ought not to do: therefore you are a dishonest coward. You ask us to help you to abuse a brave, noble, devoted set of men because a few—a very few—of them are weak enough to become the victims of such as you: therefore you are a mean dishonest coward.

Masticate that!

ONE VIEW OF IT.

ZACH. CHANDLER sues the *Washington Post* for libeling him in charging him with being drunk in the Senate. And what if he wasn't? What has that got to do with it? This is a scandalous attempt on the liberty of the press, specially directed against the paragraphic fraternity. A mean, contemptible, insidious, vociferous attack upon our rights and precedent-backed privileges! Hold us back, we are getting excited! If Zach. wasn't drunk, why wasn't he? Whose fault was it? Are we to be deprived of our little jokes just because he happens for once to be sober? If this thing is allowed to go on without protest, where will it end? Where, oh, where? Why, Aleck Stephens will cowhide some poor scribe for asserting that he is thinner than Hayes's reasons for vetoing the Free Elections Bill, Eli Perkins may challenge us for asserting that he ever told the truth, David Davis, Geo. W. Childs A. M., and Charles Freezing Adams, may rise in all their various degrees of might, and kick against any reference being made to those respective little peculiarities of theirs which always supply a good joke when other wells dug up. Professional humorists must stop this movement right off, or their occupation's gone, they are undone.





HOW THE UNITED STATES ARE "UNITED" ON DECORATION DAY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

WHEN good Gaffer Adam for peace was inclined,
'Twas then that Eve gave him a piece of her mind;

Till Adam, whenever his dame would commence,
Was fain to betake himself over the fence.
Eve couldn't climb after: and never since then
Have women got over the railing—at men.

'Tis true, those were masculine angels who fell,
And there never was heard of a woman in hell—
That's where we've improved on the blades of old,
Whose master, King Pluto, was schooled by a scold;
Were women let in, even Satan would groan,
For they never can leave a poor devil alone.

JOB CASE.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

And now, moreover, arriveth the provincial actor, bearing with him the play that was written for him by the local dramatist of Kalamazoo; and he hireth a theatre for the space of one week, and he payeth for the gas in advance, and for the gas only, and he produceth his great play before five men and a dramatic critic; and it is in seven acts and eleven tableaux; and before the week is up the sheriff shall make those tableaux an even dozen.

And now ariseth the burly butcher, and he taketh the venerable rooster, even the patriarch of the farmyard, him that was slain over night by the Long Island farmer, and he bruiseeth that bird, and he steameth him, and he mortifieth the flesh of him with a cleaver, and these things being done, he christened him Spring Chicken, and he exposeth him on the public street, and selleth him at innumerable shekels a pound. For such is the vanity and the gastronomic knowledge of the American stomach.

Now, moreover, there is a revival of the dry-goods trade in South Hohokus. For there come in from the neighborhood the daughters of such husbandmen and tillers of the soil as offer the comforts of a home unto a few select boarders. And those young women throw themselves, yea, they spare no expense, and they purchase raiment and attire themselves after the latest fashions of eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, and make themselves fair in the sight of men, and wait for the youth who taketh his summer vacation. But that youth hath had his training at Coney Island, and it requireth a higher grade of femininity to lay him out.

And about this time emergeth from the swamps the Jersey mosquito, and he seeketh out a dentist, and saith unto him: "Come, now, bring out thy grindstone and thy sandpaper and thy files, and put my proboscis in order, for now is my hour at hand, even the hour of my sanguinary triumphs. And when the dentist had done his perfect work, that mosquito hieth him to a machinist, and hath new pumps put in. And then he danceth the war-dance of his race and singeth: "I am the rose of Rahway and the lily of Perth Amboy; the blood of the summer-boarder is in my nostrils, and he shall call me the red-hot Comanche of the East. Selah!"

And now, at this season, the merry shop-girl maketh herself numerous upon the street, and goeth in couples to and from her work with much giggling and with much liveliness of the festive left eye. And the young man who hath read many French novels saith unto himself: "Lo, now, I have found the grisette whereof I have read in the books of the Prophet de Kock." And he wooeth that shop-girl with epigrammatic speeches and with such vivacity of language as he considereth truly Gallic. And she saith unto him: "What givest thou me?"

and she casteth obloquy upon him; and he is gathered unto them that are left and unto the tribe of the forsaken. And again once more he saith unto himself: "Peradventure there is some mistake in the books;" and he goeth home, and immerseth himself in brine.

TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

I. ARABELLA MCGINNIS.

THE night was stormy and dark, the wind most awfully blew; e'en the tramps, who snore sweetly in Madison Park till the hands of the clock early morning do mark, by midnight were frozen quite through.

From a house on the Fifth Avenue, (wherein McGinnis did dwell,) from ten in the eve till four in the morn—, from the darkness of night till the brightness of dawn—did the sounds of gay revelry swell.

McGinnis was giving a hop, on his charming daughter's birthday; from ten in the eve till four was no stop of the whirl of the dance, of the wine's fiz and pop:—McGinnis was able to pay.

The belles were lovely and fair, with their robes so costly and bright; but, had they spit curls or bangs in their hair, not a maid in the room had the conquering air of Bella McGinnis that night.

She had bet a rather large stake ten laps of the gay giddy dance in each quarter hour that night she would make, and a different beau for each ten she would take in order to lessen her chance.

Her eyes were as bright as the day, and constantly peering around: as round in the waltz her body would sway, she'd look at the men in a languishing way until the next partner was found.

She counted up laps with her feet: most honest and true was her score, but, as four o' the clock was struck by the bell, she turned her last lap and suddenly fell, fell all in a heap on the floor.

Alas, for the gambler who gains! To her bed the maiden they bore. And now she is full of weakness and pains, and rheumatic joints and varicose veins. She'll never make laps any more.

LITERARY NOTES.

—The neatest thing in titles we have seen lately is Mr. Benson's "Fifteen Years in Hell: an autobiography." Mr. Benson seems to belong to the Satanic school.

—It was a Chicago lady who went to see the "School for Scandal" and then said she never thought Phil Sheridan could have written anything as good as that.

—"Dournof," by Madame Henry Gréville, isn't unlike "Dostia." Those who want to know something about the Russian people before the gay and festive Nihilist kills them all off, should read this latest issue of Peterson & Brothers. From this house will soon be issued "Markof, the Russian Violinist," by the same author, of which report speaks highly.

—"The Abbé's Temptation" (la Faute de l'Abbé Mouret), as translated by John Sterling, and published by Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, exhibits Mr. Emile Zola in a new light. The story isn't as strong on realism as l'Assommoir, but is infinitely more interesting. The Abbé is a species of Beecher, but altogether a much more respectable character, and one can't help feeling sorry for him. Zola flavors this work with quite acceptable dashes of poetical feeling, which almost make us doubt his being the author of "l'Assommoir."

THE THEATRES.

"FIFTH AVENUE"—"Fatinitza"—"Fatinitza—FIFTH AVENUE"—this explains the situation.

The BROADWAY "Church Choir Pinafore" has left us to seek fresh provincial fields and pastures new. After the "Foundlings," Messrs. Edgar and Fulton propose to try a hand at the Great American Drama.

HAVERLY'S LYCEUM "Pinafore" kids continue to draw plenty of kids, and those of the gentler sex who wear them.

The great event of the week has been the dedication of ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL. Our artist has taken care of the affair, and has left us absolutely nothing to say.

"Pinafore" is determined to stick to the STANDARD. Its original interpreters retire for the present, only to be succeeded by another company, and a reconstruction of the operetta—if that be possible.

"H. B. S. Venus," at TONY PASTOR'S is a unique production. It treats of the blessings of popular government, and, as many people are anxious to know what these are, they now have an opportunity of finding out.

The MADISON SQUARE—we mean le Théâtre dans le Style Maquai—has closed, after a short but successful season. We shall look forward to its Fall opening with much pleasure, especially if Mr. Philp is to resume his old position of business manager.

What can we say about the Baby Show at BREWSTER HALL? We can't say anything about it. To use fine language, it beggars description. Those who are fond of superior specimens of juvenile humanity must form their own impressions from personal visits. We do not feel equal to the task of manufacturing public opinion, although a \$40 baby-carriage may hang on our words.

At WALLACK'S Miss Ada Cavendish has produced "As You Like It," probably merely as a pretty little poetic prelude to "Miss Gwilt," Wilkie Collins being Miss Cavendish's stronghold, rather than Shakspeare. The present performance is not one of superlative excellence, and the star's *Rosalind* hath somewhat of a nineteenth century, not to say Vassar College, smack. Mr. Frederic Robinson and Mr. Joseph Wheelock do very little to popularize their respective characters, *Jacques* and *Orlando*; but Mr. James Peakes, as *Amiens*, sings so well that, for the first time in the history of the stage, the part is not a nuisance to the audience. It is painful to have to record that Mr. Peakes's musical labors prevent his getting anything to eat in the banquet scene. The "Baby Pinafore" continues to turn the theatre into a nursery, every afternoon.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She is not a gallant captain's daughter.

CHARLES FREDERIC ADAMS.—You lay us under obligations. If any other neat little things in the way of bigotry and virtue come under your notice, send them hither.

HENRIOT.—Well thanks! If your spirit were to-the-top of your generous enthusiasm we should ourselves do the pleasure of to publish your verses, which are, of the rest, of the most véridiques. Agree, sir, the assurances of our esteem the most high.

ISANDULA.—We thank you for the pre-Adamitic manuscript with which you have favored us. It bears internal evidence of its genuineness, and we have forwarded it to the New York Historical Society for preservation in the archives. But what did you mean by calling it "An Original Story"?

ARCHIE GASCOYNE,

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK,

BY

JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: a Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;"
"Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of a Life;"
"Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney,"
etc., etc., etc.

(Continued.)

THEIR pretty faces, flushed with health and exercise, their gay colors, the white of their dresses and hats, all glorified and, as it were, transfigured by the dazzling sunshine, made a series of most charming pictures; and the Doctor more than once expressed to his friends by various signs, facial and otherwise, an extravagant desire to go on shore and kiss the whole lot of them.

And so they sailed along that loveliest of coasts, with its magnificent and ever-changing panorama of mountain and glen, woodland and valley, dark ravines and grassy slopes—past Kirm, Dunoon and Innellan; then, after calling at Rothesay—that Scottish Brighton, with a wealth of woodland and hill Brighton never possessed—away through the tortuous beauties and sublimities of the Kyles of Bute.

At Tarbert our friends renewed the inner man with stout and biscuit and cheese, and were therefore in capital trim when the steamer, after a great semi-circular sweep, steamed into Ardrishaig bay.

Then came confusion worse confounded; south mails to put out, and north mails to take in; passengers from the north rushing southwards; and those from the south rushing frantically northwards in the direction of the Crinan Canal, to catch the "Linnet" or the Loch Awe coach, and amid all the confusion our friend the captain as calm and placid as ever, and "Alick" (the purser) ubiquitously obliging as usual, with the never-failing smile on his pleasant face. Meanwhile the Professor, who, to use a vulgarism, knew the ropes of the place, had got his two charges safely through the house of extortion, *videlicet* the toll-gate at the entrance to the pier, where ye man and ye boys take ye pennies, and with the aid of two stout porters had their *impedimenta* safely stowed away on the Loch Awe coach in an incredibly short space of time.

"Now then, boys, as our Yankee friends say, all aboard. You, Doctor, take Malcolm's—(Malcolm was the driver's name)—right hand on the box, and Gascoyne and I shall take the left."

"But, I say, Mac," said the Doctor as he slowly prepared to mount, but paused to cast a wistful, doubting look in the direction of the crowd of passengers who were streaming past them towards the canal, "where *are* we going to? I thought the way to Oban was through the canal to"—

"Don't be a fool, Doctor, but take your seat. We're all ready to start. We are going by the new *route*, not yet known to fame, and when we come back you can take another."

In a few minutes everybody was seated, the luggage all stowed away; the guard shouted "All right," and Malcolm, resplendent, as was also the guard, in a new scarlet coat and silver buttons, flourished his whip, and off his gallant four started at a rattling pace.

Although the speed at which they went gave them little time to study the place, Gascoyne and the Doctor agreed that it was quite picturesque, with the fishing-boats and the nets hung

up on great transverse poles; the craft out in the bay; the beautiful bright green of the sea; the gleaming hull of the great steamer at the pier; the bustle and confusion incident on her arrival; the green and wooded hills of Kilmory, across the bay, and the grassy, sloping bank of the canal on the immediate right, with wooded hills towering beyond—all went to make up a sufficiently bright and lively picture.

So soon as they were well out of the place and driving past the quiet little village of Lochgilphead, asleep in the hollow of the hills, and washed in front by the water of the loch at whose head it stands, the Doctor struck up a lively conversation with Malcolm, which ceased not until after a spanking run of five miles or more they dashed over the narrow and very awkward and steep but picturesque old bridge that crosses the Add—famed for its salmon—and pulled up in grand style at the little inn at Bridgend to water the horses.

Not to be behind the brute creation, the Doctor got down, and muttering something about his wanting a light, disappeared through the inn door.

It is to be hoped he was successful in obtaining the light, as, when he emerged from his brief retreat, his face had a suspicious glow, which, by a curious coincidence, seemed to be reflected on that of the driver.

From this point onwards the scenery increased in beauty; and indeed the drive is one of the loveliest in Scotland, and that is saying a good deal.

As you approach Kilmartin, a hamlet some four miles further on, the gleaming waters of the great Atlantic suddenly flash before you; far away to the right, over a long stretch of level plain, and right ahead over the thickly wooded hills the mighty mountains of Morven pierce the sky—ghostlike and dim and shadowy in the purple distance.

Another pause at Kilmartin to water the horses—(where the Doctor and Malcolm had another "light")—and in fifteen minutes more they were driving at a terrific pace through the little village of Ford, which sleeps amid bracken and fir and the sound of flowing water at the base of the precipitous Ben Dhu, and so on, by green fields and pleasant dales, to the southern extremity of Loch Awe, where the trim little screw steamer, the "Lady of the Lake," was seen impatiently steaming and puffing far below.

Hastily descending, the party—after a handsome *douceur* to Malcolm, and not altogether forgetting the guard—made their way, in company with some five or six fellow travelers, down the steep brae which shelves somewhat suddenly down to the wooden pier where the boat lay.

"Now, boys," cried the Professor, when they were safely on board with their luggage, "take a good view at the bay, and then let's hurry below in order to get a snack of something. You can have a first-rate regular dinner if you like, but my advice—don't miss the scenery. My good friend, Captain Young, commander and owner of this craft, and his worthy steward,

Bilston, will see to our creature comforts later on. What say you? There is not such another sight in the world as I shall show you."

The motion being carried *nem. con.*, after a characteristic growl from the Doctor, whose soul thirsted mightily after the fleshpots of Egypt and the beer-vats thereof, they descended into the lower regions, which, truth to say, were of the smallest, the steamer being the merest mite of a thing altogether. There they were confronted by the steward.

"Ah! Professor Macdonald, and is it you?" cried the genial old man, stepping forward to catch and shake with Highland heartiness the outstretched hand. "Od, but it's myself that's the proud man to-day, and glad I'm to see you."

"And so am I, Bilston, and pleased to see you looking so well; and here are two very particular friends of mine I wish you to be kind to—Dr. Macdonald—no relation and a Paddy to boot, but not a bad sort of fellow, spite of these drawbacks—and Mr. Gas—I mean Mr. Campbell."

The steward welcomed them warmly, and shouted for Bauldy, his boy, who was also the cook's boy, and the captain's boy, and the engineer's boy, and in fact the general and indispensable factotum of the ship, and whose great mass of tangled red hair could be seen a furlong off, while his mouth was as wide as one of the mouths of the Mississippi.

Thanks to the combined exertions of Bauldy, Bilston and the Doctor—who always volunteered a hand in anything that pertained to the commissariat department—the trio had speedily put themselves outside of a plate of excellent roast beef and potatoes, washed down by a bottle of limpid, sparkling, perfectly-conditioned Bass.

"And now, boys! let's to deck," shouted the impatient Professor, who was anxious to show them his country to the best advantage, and grudging every inch of ground they passed without seeing.

"All right," murmured the Doctor, his mouth stocked with the last remnant of beef, "but, bedad, it isn't fair to"—

"Neither it is, Professor," interpolated the steward, "and it's yourself that knows the Highland customs and should be the last to break them. You'll know what I mean, sir?"

The Professor *did* know, only too well, and sighed as he saw the inevitable black bottle produced.

"Now, gentlemen," said the steward, filling up a glass, "the Professor and me iss old friends, and it iss a long time since we have had a dram together, and so him and me and you are just going to have one now—that's to begin with, Doctor"—(this in an aside to Bob, who was already known as the Doctor). "So, gentlemen, here's too you and good sport too you and may you be soon back."

Saying which, he took off his glass—purest old Islay—and looked round with an air of modest satisfaction.

After this there was no backing out. Gascoyne, or rather Campbell, as we must in future call him, who rarely touched strong spirits, looked piteously at his friend the Professor, but seeing no hope of reprieve from that quarter, made a gallant effort, and succeeded in swallowing half a glass.

"Hoot's man, hoot's," cried Bilston, disgusted and amazed at seeing him put down the half-emptied glass; "you will be no Highlander, at all, at all. Take it up, man, take it up."

And so, seeing there was no hope for it, he did "take it up," at the same time vowing he would not soon "take up" another.

As no such scruples afflicted the ingenuous Hibernian, and the Professor was an adept in the customs of his countrymen, the remaining ceremonies did not occupy long, and in another minute they were on deck again.

Reader, have you ever sailed up Loch Awe, or fished it? If not, then consider yourself happy, for you have something still to live for. The writer of this voracious history has been pretty well all over the globe, and has fished on waters in many lands. But he has never navigated or fished a lake enbosomed in scenery more beautiful and more varied and changeable than Loch Awe.

Situated in the heart of the land of Lorne, sentinelled by the loftiest and grandest mountains in Scotland, it extends in a narrow, wavy, serpentine line from north to south some six or seven-and-twenty miles, and in the course of this brief sketch presents to the traveler a panorama of ever-changing and strikingly contrasted beauty that it would be hard to parallel.

Beginning at the little bay at Ford which our travelers have just left, the steamer passes through a short neck of water just wide enough to permit of the boat passing, and suddenly glides into the loch itself, which widens out at once on either side to a breadth of something like two miles.

From this onwards the lake is one series of similar gigantic basins or smaller lakes, each to all appearance shut in from the other, and opening into it by a channel more or less narrow.

At first the scenery is calmly beautiful, the hills sloping gently away on either side—to the right partly cultivated or dotted with innumerable cattle and sheep, and to the left thickly wooded and more level.

Then, as you pass the ruins of the old Abbey, and after that, of Feannacharn Castle—in itself a sight worth seeing—and steam towards Portnasherry, the scenery begins to lose somewhat of its softness. The hills gradually change into mountains, which on the left fall down in one sheer precipitous fall into the loch.

The aspect of the water, too, changes continually, as do also the clouds; and frequently, without a moment's warning, a sudden terrific gust of wind will sweep down some mountain gully, and smite the calm surface of the lake into a white heat of foam and spindrift.

To the Doctor and Gascoyne it was as the revelation of a new world, and they drank in with greedy ears all the wondrous stories, consecrating every inch of ground, which the Captain and the Professor were not slow to tell them.

After passing Portsonnachon the scene becomes indescribably lovely, surpassing in strange and mystic beauty aught ever dreamed of by poet or immortalized on canvas.

Islands of unimaginable loveliness, wooded to the water edge, or covered with green turf richer than the finest velvet rise from the still water as if by magic.

Old ruins, mantled with ivy and gray with lichen and moss, frown down from inaccessible heights. To the north the mighty mass of the gigantic Ben Cruachan, its summit capped, and its bare, gaunt, forbidding sides streaked and slashed with great seams of ice, appears to fill the entire space; while on either side rise as from out the water hills wooded to the top, with lusty streams flashing white through the green foliage, as they tumble noisily lakewards.

Overhead, again, are the ever-shifting glories of the summer sky, already streaked with long luminous lines of sapphire and purple and blue and gold, as the sun slowly, lingeringly, sinks to his rest in the great Atlantic.

Then suddenly, as if by magic, the scene changes on leaving Cladich, when, steaming across the lake to the left, the little steamer enters the Pass of Brander, a long, narrow estuary like a canal, flanked on one side by the mighty Cruachan, and on the other by a chain of lesser but still gigantic hills, the beetling tops of which seem almost to touch the rocks on the other side and shut out the sky.

Almost overpoweringly grand and awful and dark is this part of the way, especially in the gloaming, when the night begins to creep into the hollow, and the shadows deepen on the mountains, and the water of the lake passes by imperceptible gradations from lustrous brown or blue into the deepest and most sombre black.

Through such scenes did our friends sail, and even the volatile spirits of the irrepressible Doctor were hushed into silence by the mystic and awful beauty which surrounded him, and in which he seemed gradually to be incorporated, until he became, as it were, part and parcel of it.

It was now drawing well nigh on to seven o'clock, and they were approaching the end, so far, of their journey by water, when the Captain, pointing straight ahead to where the shoulder of the hill on the left sloped down towards the river Awe, which there escapes to the sea, said:

"Do you see the outline of the shoulder of that hill ahead, gentlemen? Well, just watch it and tell me if it suggests the likeness of any one you know."

The three travelers—for they were now the sole occupants of the steamer, their fellow voyagers having got out at Cladich—looked, and almost simultaneously exclaimed:

"Scott!"

"Yes," said the Captain, with a smile of satisfaction, "and I was the first to notice it."

"By Jove, so it is!" cried the Professor; and the nearer they approached up to a certain distance the closer grew the likeness to the profile of that noble face, as if its owner were taking his evening siesta on his native hill, with his grand, calm face upturned to the evening sky.

Gradually, as they approached the little pier where the boat was to be moored for the night, the likeness vanished, the shadows deepened suddenly, and as they crept alongside the pier, a cold wind blew out from the north.

"I could almost live here for ever," sighed the sentimental Doctor—his thoughts reverting simultaneously, however, to the question of dinner or tea.

"I wish we could stay over the night," echoed Gascoyne.

"Of course you can," said the Captain heartily. "The Professor"—(who meanwhile had disappeared below with the steward)—"always stays on board, and"—this with a wink to the Doctor—"and we generally contrive to make a night of it."

"Bedad," cried Bob in delight, and flourishing his hat shillelaghwise, "and it's Robert Macdonald Esquire himself that's in luck this blessed night and no mistake. Hoo, whirra begoo, but won't we make their mouths wather in Ballinaslowboy when we write home of our foreign travels in these parts!"

Gascoyne, less emotional and more practical, was not less pleased, and thanked the Captain cordially.

At this juncture the Professor reappeared to announce that tea—a real Scottish "tousy tea"—would be ready in ten minutes, and meanwhile they could dispose of themselves in what manner they pleased.

The Captain now came forward and said, with a knowing look at the Professor, and a nod of his head towards the river:

"Any chance to-night down the way?"—(meaning the Awe).

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "Bilston has arranged to make that all right. The keeper will be on board in half an hour or so, and if you only leave him to the Doctor, my word for it he'll not be able to tell the difference between Cruachan and a lamp-post by eleven o'clock. Then Campbell and Bilston will slip out with the rods, and leave the Doctor—who takes more kindly to the whiskey than to the water—to finish the bottle with the keeper."

"I understand," said the Captain laughing. "You were always a bit of a poacher, Professor, but what would the Senatus?"

"Hush," interrupted the other, reddening uncomfortably; "we'll propitiate the dignities by a present of trout, should the Fates prove propitious. Besides I don't mean to go. I feel tired and shall turn into my bunk."

The Awe, we should perhaps explain for the benefit of unsophisticated readers, is one of the best salmon rivers in Scotland—perhaps, for its length, the best—and is strictly preserved. On rare occasions, however, as on this of which we write, worthy steward Bilston used to get an hour or two's fishing for a friend; his *modus operandi* being the extremely simple but effective one of plying with Scotch whiskey the game-keeper, whose duty it was to preserve the stream from the unhallowed touch of poachers.

This duty, on the present occasion, devolved upon Bob, who, though professing to regret the loss of the fishing, was by no means so averse from undertaking the task as his words would imply.

But this chapter has already extended to such a length that we shall have to reserve the piscatorial and social adventures of our friends for number seven.

(To be continued.)



Puck's Exchanges.

NO MAN thoroughly understands the solemn grandeur of a floor-crack until he tries to pick a pin out of it with his fingers.—*N. Y. Star*.

WE have received the first three numbers of *Uncle Sam*, a new candidate for humorous honors in this city. So far as it has gone, we like its tone. It seems to appreciate the fact that it is possible to be funny without being blasphemous, venomous, or vulgarly personal.—*Holy Com. Adv.* Sounds as if that meant somebody.—*Personal Phila. Bulletin*.

THE *de jure* President of the United States, whose portrait accompanies this article, is Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, who was lately chosen president *pro tempore* of the United States Senate. By the terms of the Constitution, when there is a vacancy in the Presidential and Vice-Presidential office, as there now is—Messrs. Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks having failed to qualify and assume the duties of the offices to which they were respectively elected—the president *pro tempore* of the Senate becomes the acting President of the United States. To this office Mr. Thurman was chosen.—*Toledo Commercial*.

MR. MARTIN was a conductor on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern Railroad. He is a church member, and puts his faith in the Lord. He arose at a church meeting at Pottsville the other evening and told what the Lord had done for him. Among other things, he said he ran his caboose car from Cedar Rapids to Pottsville without a flange on one wheel. He had faith the Lord would keep the caboose on the track, and He did. It was not long after he received an epistle from C. J. Ives, General Superintendent, which began thus: "Young man, I don't believe the Lord has anything to do with running freight trains;" and now Martin has no caboose to trust in the Lord.—*New York Sun*.

THE following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir—Two months ago my wife could hardly speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it." *Norristown Herald.*

THE thinnest kind of paragraphs going the rounds of the press are: Who is Min. R. Ology? Annie Mation? Sophia S. Tication? We would suggest that it is better for the "graphic fraternity" to leave such space vacant than dilute it with the thinnest kind of skim milk.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A HEROIC young man jumped off the San Rafael ferry-boat about three months ago and rescued from drowning the daughter of one of our richest stock operators. The next day the grateful father sent for the hero and presented him with a *point on stocks!* To-day the heroic young man is walking around on his uppers and sleeping on a bench in the Plaza. This is a true story, and illustrates anew the folly of doing a generous act in San Francisco.—*San Francisco Post.*

SCRIBNER for May has pen and ink sketches of Wilhelmj and Remenyi. The picture of Wilhelmj indicates that he was hit with the biggest pieces of the boiler and was standing nearest it when the explosion occurred, but there is no doubt in the world that Remenyi was blown a mile and a half the highest, and lit in an osage hedge when he came down.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE Washington papers speak of the birth of a brainless baby at the capital, as though such a freak of nature was uncommon. Nature in this case is merely testing whether it wouldn't be better for babies of that place to be born without brains, than to lose them when they get older.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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